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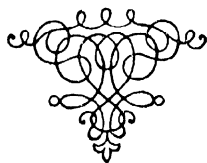
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*The Chilswell Book of
English Poetry*

The
Chilswell Book
of
English Poetry
compiled

& annotated for the use of schools
by

ROBERT BRIDGES
Poet Laureate



Part I

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to

H. R. H.

The PRINCE of WALES

Made in Great Britain

P R E F A C E

I

POETRY being the most intimate expression of Man's Spirit, it is necessary to education ; since no man can be a worthy citizen of any earthly state unless he be first a citizen of the heavenly.

The other fine arts aim also at spiritual expression, but their material forms are more remote from ideas, and their interpretation often requires some special disposition of mind—as in Music, wherein also the appeal, being to moods and untranslatable emotions, is uncertain of its moral effects. But in poetry the material is language, and words are not only familiar to all of us, but are of all forms the most significant that we have.

Prose, while using the same material, is no rival to poetry in this part of education ; for though it be the logical guardian of Truth, and may rise to the highest pitch of expression, and—as we see in Plato, himself a poet—may duly claim the rank and name of Poetry, yet it is the common drudge of the Understanding for all work, and consequently inseparable from the usual routine of life, which is the chiefest enemy to spiritual abstraction. Poetry, on the other hand, with a more memorable form and a diction more musical, is of set purpose devoted to the high imaginative task of displaying the beauty, solemnity, and mystery of man's life on earth.

Language has a hidden but commanding influence in directing spiritual life. In whatever country we may be born, we imbibe the ideas inherent to its speech ; nor can we escape from the bias which that accident must give to our minds, unless we learn other languages and study

their literatures. In the physical and mathematical sciences, which can either employ precise definitions or fix the reference of their terms by sensible instances, this is not true : the signification of their corresponding terms in different languages is determinate and constant for all peoples ; but our higher aspirations and imaginative faculties, having no measure nor any objects for the senses to grasp, cannot have their expression thus standardised : the commonest names in this field of thought (such words as spirit, soul, life, reason, and mind) do not mean to us precisely what their equivalents mean in other tongues, and the inter-relations of those other meanings are consequently alien to our thoughts.

And in these higher faculties themselves there are actual differences distinguishing the different races of mankind—differences that may be ascribed to radical peculiarities of mind ; and the words which came to be coined to express them must in their currencies have reacted powerfully to strengthen those peculiar ways of thought and feeling, and to control the character of the men who used them, because our Ideals, which are formed upon habits of thought and feeling, influence and wholly prescribe our moral conduct and spiritual life.

Whence it follows that Poetry, which is made of this material, must be the expression of a nation's spirit : and English Poetry is the expression of the English Spirit in its most definite form.

Now, to speak of the English Spirit, what it is which is thus set before us, we shall not lightly underrate the heritage which has given us our high place among the nations ; but our part is to preserve it rather than to proclaim it, and to perfect it rather than to preserve it. The better our possession, the more capable is it of improvement ; and the higher we stand, the baser our defection, if we seize not the yet higher good that we stand within reach of, nor take due occasion

of our position to be an example to others ; that being the only true national pride, since by example only will mankind be led onward to well-being : which example is to be manifested in the improvement of the best, not in any extirpation or upraising of the worst, these being the proper effects, not the causes or means of amelioration.

II

This book is a Primer of English Poetry, and if it differ from others of its kind, that will be because it is unfalteringly faithful to a sound principle hitherto insufficiently observed. While in all other Arts it is agreed that a student should be trained only on the best models, wherein technique and aesthetic are both exemplary, there has been with respect to Poetry a pestilent notion that the young should be gradually led up to excellence through lower degrees of it ; so that teachers have invited their pupils to learn and admire what they expected them to outgrow : and this was carried so far that writers, who else made no poetic pretence, have good-naturedly composed poems for the young, and in a technique often as inept as their sentiment.

This mistake rested on two shallow delusions ; first, that beauty must needs be fully apprehended before it can be felt or admired : secondly, that the young are unimaginative. A French writer has brushed all this fallacy aside in a few sentences in which he tells his own early experience.¹

‘ In this little poem (he writes) there were many words and phrases that were new to me, and which I could not understand ; but the general effect of them seemed to me so sad and so beautiful that I was thrilled

¹ Anatole France in *Livre de mon ami*, p. 118.

by a feeling that I had never known before—the charm of melancholy was revealed to me by a score of verses the literal meaning of which I could not have explained. The fact is that unless one has grown old, one does not need to understand deeply in order to feel deeply : things dimly comprehended can be quite touching, and it is very true that what is vague and indefinite has a charm for youth.’

There should be nothing, then, in this book which a lover of poetry will ever cast aside, and within its proper limitations the collection should be as gratifying to the old as to the young.

The motives of selection can be thus sufficiently stated, but the principles guiding exclusion are not so readily described. The conspicuous absence of several famous poets will be easily understood, although their disqualifications are very unlike in kind ; but the peculiar limitations of a book to be used in class may not be so well recognised, and they must be allowed for. On the other hand, it will be evident that some of the poems are too advanced for general use ; but here it has to be considered that in all schools there are exceptionally poetic pupils, and this book would fail in its aim if it neglected them. Nor is it improbable that these very poems will make the first appeal to minds that seem least impressionable.

One of the advantages for us of our classical education has been that the boys who learned Greek and Latin had only masterpieces to study : and if our cultured class have generally a surer and better taste in Greek or Latin poetry than they have in English, this may be attributed to the advantage they have had in the one and not in the other. The most of them, if asked their opinion on the merits of some favourite English poem, will tell you that on account of early association they are incapable of judging it, and in this predicament

even high intellect is found helpless ; the childish sentiment has become part of themselves, and with great detriment to themselves, because reverence for a bad model induces a liking for things of the same sort. Now this association, which is so strong for inferior things, is equally strong for the best ; and though an early attachment may but seldom develop into adult judgment, yet in the absence of that rare mature aesthetic appreciation it is the best substitute for it.

And no one surely would deem it an accident that the nation whose language was the most prevalent throughout the world should be the nation which had the best living poetry : an honour which we can assume without prejudice, and value it not more as a badge of youthful prowess than a lively means of continuous health and advancement. And only by loving familiarity with it can we securely guard our expanding and wandering speech from all that sort of outward contamination and indiscriminate mutation whereby its old nobility might easily become estranged from the understanding of our descendants—lest Shakespeare should ever be to them as Homer is to the modern Greeks, more of a pitiful boast than a living glory : and it has been both a credit and profit to us that our nineteenth-century poets stood so high in the scale of excellence, and preserved so well the accent of our older poetry, that there is no gap in the train of song, and to-day (except where our gentler manners are offended) no word of Shakespeare need be changed when his plays are acted to a London audience.

In this guardianship of our speech we shall find our best security by enforcing and maintaining a high standard of English in our school-books, which should be the same for all classes : since the changes that must come in our language will be made by the common practice of the folk, who, if they are unfamiliar with sound tradition, will develop usages out of all relation to

it and, indulging in the spontaneous accidental fashions of their unrelated environments, must break up into a hundred divergent dialects mutually unintelligible.

Dialects have always existed, and always will exist, and they should be fostered in their several habitats—their separate existence as living forces of original character is not incompatible with the preservation of the purity of the main stock, nor with that sense of touch with it which would keep them from eccentricities and distortion. Now if these two desirable things are to be assured, a schooling for all in the main or mother dialect is imperative.

And yet it has seemed to me that a lamentable disruption of our speech, which would eventually rob the British race of their noblest inheritance, might reasonably be predicted as its natural catastrophe beyond the scope of any prevision to remedy or avert, were it not for the recent astonishing inventions of Science, whereby the spoken word can be transmitted all over the world. Every man will wish to hear and understand the best speakers; and all that we most needed and desired seems promised to us in the simplest solution of that problem, namely, that all, whatever dialect they speak at home, should hear the language of our great literature in wireless broadcasting, and through their normal schooling be familiar with it.

May our democracies have intelligence to make a right use of God's good gifts, and not leave this paramount and imperial means of national culture to be squandered in the selfish interests of commercialism!

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Notes on pp. 127-129.

THE CHILSWELL BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY

I

Hunting Song

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear :
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily merrily mingle they ;
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
' Waken, lords and ladies gay '

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them, youth and mirth and glee
 Run a course as well as we ;
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
 Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk ?
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay !

Scott.

2* *Song from Cymbeline*

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise !

Shakespeare.

3 *Song on May Morning*

Now the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The Flowery *May*, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow Cowslip and the pale Primrose.
 Hail, bounteous *May*, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire ;
 Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Milton.

The Echoing Green

THE Sun does arise
 And make happy the skies ;
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the Spring ;
 The skylark and thrush,
 The birds of the bush,
 Sing louder around
 To the bells' cheerful sound ;
 While our sports shall be seen
 On the echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
 Does laugh away care,
 Sitting under the oak,
 Among the old folk.
 They laugh at our play,
 And soon they all say,
 ' Such, such were the joys
 When we all—girls and boys—
 In our youth-time were seen
 On the echoing Green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
 No more can be merry ;
 The sun does descend,
 And our sports have an end.
 Round the laps of their mothers
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest,
 And sport no more seen
 On the darkening Green.

Blake.

5

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare.

6

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
 And the mountain tops that freeze
 Bow themselves when he did sing :
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Shakespeare.

7

Spring

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
 Spring ! the sweet Spring !

Nashe.

8

Ariel's Song

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist :
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark !

BURDEN (*dispersedly*). Bowgh, waugh,

ARIEL. The watch-dogs bark :

BURDEN (*dispersedly*). Bowgh, waugh.

ARIEL. Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

Shakespeare.

whist] hushed.

burden] refrain.

9

Fairy Song

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Shakespeare.

10

Puck's Song

OVER hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see ;
 'Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours :
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Shakespeare.

11

Meg Merrilies

I

OLD Meg she was a Gipsy,
 And lived upon the moors :
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
 And her house was out of doors.

thorough] through.

dew her orbs] bedew the fairy rings.

7

II

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom ;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

III

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees—
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

IV

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

V

But every morn of Woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
She wove, and she would sing.

VI

And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

VII

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon :
An old red blanket cloak she wore ;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long agone !

Keats.

Weathers

I

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,
 And so do I ;
 When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
 And nestlings fly :
 And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
 And they sit outside at ' The Travellers' Rest,'
 And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
 And citizens dream of the south and west,
 And so do I.

II

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
 And so do I ;
 When beeches drip in browns and duns,
 And thresh, and ply ;
 The hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
 And meadow rivulets overflow,
 And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
 And rooks in families homeward go,
 And so do I.

Thomas Hardy.

Winter

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit !
 To-who !—a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

thresh and ply] toss and bend.

keel] cool, by stirring or adding something to prevent boiling over.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit !
 To-who !—a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakespeare.

14 *Answer to a Child's Question*

Do you ask what the birds say ? The sparrow, the dove,
 The linnet and thrush say, ' I love and I love ! '
 In the winter they 're silent—the wind is so strong—
 What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
 But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
 weather,
 And singing, and loving, all come back together.
 But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
 The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
 That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
 ' I love my Love, and my Love loves me ! '

Coleridge.

15 *Ophelia's Song*

How should I your true love know
 From another one ?
 By his cockle hat and staff
 And his sandal shoon.

saw] sermon.

crabs] crab-apples.

cockle hat] hat with a cockle or scallop-shell stuck in it, as sign
 that the wearer had visited the saint's shrine in Spain.

He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone ;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
 Larded with sweet flowers,
 Which bewept to the grave did go
 With true-love showers.

Shakespeare.

16

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
 And merrily hent the stile-a :
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Shakespeare.

17

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

larded] stuck all over with.

hent] seize, lay hand on.

straths] low alluvial land, waterside meadows.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Burns.

The Vagabond

GIVE to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the by-way nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There 's the life for a man like me,
 There 's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me ;
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me ;
 All I seek, the heaven above
 And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,
 Silencing the bird on tree,
 Biting the blue finger.
 White as meal the frosty field—
 Warm the fireside haven—
 Not to autumn will I yield,
 Not to winter even !

lave] remainder.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me ;
 Give the face of earth around,
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me.
 All I ask, the heaven above,
 And the road below me.

Stevenson.

19

On the Hearth-Rug

' LITTLE tongue of red-brown flame,
 Whither go you ? '—' Whence I came ;
 Sending on a courier spark
 To explore the chimney dark.

' Once I was a sunbeam fair,
 Darting thro' the awaken'd air.
 Quickly to a green leaf gone,
 On a forest tree I shone.

' Steely lightning struck the bough,
 And I sank into a slough.
 Many ages there I lay,
 Ere I saw the All-Father, Day.

' Now I sparkle once again,
 Flashing light and warmth to men,
 Ere, like all things that are bright,
 I rejoin the All-Mother, Night.'

Mary Coleridge.

20

IF thou wast still, O stream,
 Thou would'st be frozen now :
 And 'neath an icy shield
 Thy current warm would flow.

But wild thou art and rough ;
 And so the bitter breeze,
 That chafes thy shuddering waves,
 May never bid thee freeze.

Dixon.

21

The Minstrel-Boy

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you 'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 ' Land of song ! ' said the warrior-bard,
 ' Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee ! '

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, ' No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free :
 They shall never sound in slavery ! '

Moore.

22 *Ye Mariners of England*

YE mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas !
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm hath ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

Campbell

23

Ellen's Song

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more :
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing ;
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

meteor flag] flashing like a meteor.

dewing] steeping, immersing.

pibroch] a martial air or dirge on bagpipe : *pi* pronounced as *pea*.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping. . . .
Scott.

24 *The Burial of Sir John Moore*

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow :

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory :
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe.

25 *The Loss of the 'Royal George'*

TOLL for the brave !
 The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the *Royal George*,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

Comper.

26

To Abraham Lincoln

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
 is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring ;
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red !
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
 trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
 shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning ;
 Here, Captain ! dear father !
 This arm beneath your head !
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You 've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won ;
 Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies
 Fallen cold and dead.

Whitman.

Dirge

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
 By all their Country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

Collins, 1746.

WHERE shall the lover rest
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever ?
 Where through groves deep and high
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die
 Under the willow :—
Eleu loro !
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving ;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving ;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake.
 Never, O never !
Eleu loro !
Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?

In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.
Eleu loro !
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted ;
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it,—
 Never, O never !
Eleu loro !
Never, O never !

Scott.

29

Ariel Sings

FULL fathom five thy father lies :
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

BURDEN. *Ding-dong.*

Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
Shakespeare.

30

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

burden] refrain heard sung by the sea-nymphs.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Stevenson, 1884.

31

Song

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
 Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
 For those that wander they know not where
 Are full of trouble and full of care ;
 To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distress'd,
 They wander east, they wander west,
 And are baffled and beaten and blown about
 By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;
 To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
 The bird is safest in its nest ;
 O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
 A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
 To stay at home is best.

Longfellow.

32

Lucy Ashton's Song

Look not thou on beauty's charming ;
 Sit thou still when kings are arming ;
 Taste not when the wine-cup glistens ;
 Speak not when the people listens ;
 Stop thine ear against the singer ;
 From the red gold keep thy finger ;
 Vacant heart and hand and eye,
 Easy live and quiet die.

Scott.

33

Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
 And laughing is heard on the hill,
 My heart is at rest within my breast,
 And everything else is still.

‘ Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
 And the dews of night arise ;
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
 Till the morning appears in the skies.’

‘ No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
 And we cannot go to sleep ;
 Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
 And the hills are all cover’d with sheep.’

‘ Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
 And then go home to bed.’
 The little ones leapèd and shouted and laugh’d
 And all the hills echoèd.

Blake.

34*

Night

THE sun descending in the west,
 The evening star does shine ;
 The birds are silent in their nest,
 And I must seek for mine.

The moon, like a flower,
 In heaven’s high bower,
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
 Where flocks have took delight.
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
 The feet of angels bright ;

took] common in dialect and vulgar speech for *taken*.
 moves] see note at end of book.

Unseen they pour blessing,
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom,
 And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are cover'd warm ;
 They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm.
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping,
 They pour sleep on their head,
 And sit down by their bed. . . .

Blake.

35

Cradle Song

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon :
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
Tennyson.

36 *Lullaby of an Infant Chief*

OH ! hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright :
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

Oh ! fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh ! hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Scott, 1815.

37 *A Faery Song*

(SUNG BY THE FAIRIES OVER AN OUTLAW AND HIS BRIDE
 WHO HAD ESCAPED INTO THE MOUNTAINS.)

WE who are old, old and gay,
 O so old !
 Thousand of years, thousand of years,
 If all were told :

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Silence and love ;
 And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
 And the stars above :

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Rest far from men.
 Is anything better, anything better ?
 Tell us it then :

Us who are old, old and gay,
 O so old !
 Thousand of years, thousand of years,
 If all were told.

W. B. Yeats.

38*

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make men better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night ;
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

39*

Life

. . . Joy and Woe are woven fine,
 A Clothing for the soul divine :
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine.
 It is right it should be so :
 Man was made for Joy and Woe ;
 And when this we rightly know,
 Safely through the World we go. . . .

Blake.

40* *Hymn on the Morning of
Christ's Nativity*

I

It was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born-child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly Veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

i. paramour] lover.

ii. front] forehead.

iii. turning sphere]*.

harbinger] herald.

turtle] dove.

IV

No War, or Battle's sound
 Was heard the World around,
 The idle spear and shield were high up-hung ;
 The hookèd Chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,
 The Trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
 And Kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The Winds with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
 Whispering new joys to the mild Occän,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

VI

The Stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence ;
 But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,

And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlightn'd world no more should need :
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne or burning Axletree could bear:

VIII

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia's* scat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union,

vii. as] as if. axle-tree] the fixed beam on which the wheels turn.

viii. or ere] before. than] old form of *then*. silly] simple.

ix. close] cadence.

x. round, etc.] *.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
 A Globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd,
 The helmèd Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII

Such Music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator Great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII

Ring out ye Crystal spheres !
 Once bless our human ears,
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time ;
 And let the Bass of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to th' Angelic symphony.

XIV

For if such holy Song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;

xi. unexpressive] inexpressible.

xiii. crystal spheres]*.

consort] orchestra, concert.

And speckled vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

XV

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a Rain-bow ; and like glories wearing
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in Celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
 And Heav'n, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI

But wisest Fate says No ;
 This must not yet be so ;
 The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss ;
 So both himself and us to glorify :
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
 deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount *Sinai* rang
 While the red fire, and smouldering clouds outbrake :
 The agèd Earth aghast
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway ;
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his folded tail.

XIX

The Oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving :
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

XXI

In consecrated Earth
And on the holy Hearth

The *Lars* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamens* at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII

Peor and *Baalim*

Forsake their Temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd god of *Palestine* ;
And moonèd *Ashtaroth*,

Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Lybic *Hammon* shrinks his horn ;

In vain the *Tyrian* maids their wounded *Thammuz* mourn.

XXIII

And sullen *Moloch* fled,

Hath left in shadows dread

His burning Idol all of blackest hue ;

In vain with cymbals' ring,

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;

The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,

Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* haste.

XXIV

Nor is *Osiris* seen

In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :

Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest ;

Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;

In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark

The sable-stolèd Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

XXV

He feels from *Juda's* Land
 The dreaded Infant's hand ;
 The rays of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave ;
 And the yellow-skirted *Fays*
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd
 maze.

XXVII

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending ;
 Heav'n's youngest-teemèd Star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd Car,
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending :
 And all about the courtly Stable,
 Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

Milton, 1629.

xxvii. youngest-teemed] latest born, that is the star of Bethlehem.
 fixed] stood still over the stable. harnessed] armoured.

41*

Christmas Antiphon

THOU whose birth on earth
 Angels sang to men,
 While thy stars made mirth,
 Saviour, at thy birth,
 This day born again ;

As this night was bright
 With thy cradle-ray,
 Very light of light,
 Turn the wild world's night
 To thy perfect day. . . .

Thou the Word and Lord
 In all time and space
 Heard, beheld, adored,
 With all ages pour'd
 Forth before thy face.

Lord, what worth in earth
 Drew thee down to die ?
 What therein was worth,
 Lord, thy death and birth ?
 What beneath thy sky ? . . .

From the height of night,
 Was not thine the star
 That led forth with might
 By no worldly light
 Wise men from afar ? . . .

Bid our peace increase,
 Thou that madest morn ;
 Bid oppressions cease ;
 Bid the night be peace ;
 Bid the day be born.

Swinburne.

42 *The New Jerusalem*

AND did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green ?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold !
 Bring me my Arrows of desire !
 Bring me my Spear ! O clouds, unfold !
 Bring me my Chariot of fire !

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
 Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant Land.

Blake.

43

ENGLAND ! awake ! awake ! awake !
 Jerusalem thy Sister calls !
 Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
 And close her from thy ancient walls ?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
 Gently upon their bosoms move :
 Thy Gates beheld sweet Zion's ways ;
 Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again :
 Our souls exult, and London's towers
 Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
 In England's green and pleasant bowers.

Blake.

44*

Tiger

TIGER ! tiger ! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand, and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
 In what furnace was thy brain ?
 What the anvil ? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And water'd heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see ?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee ?

Tiger ! tiger ! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

Blake.

45

The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands ;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Tennyson.

46 *Alexander Selkirk during his Solitary
 Abode in the Island of Juan Fer-
 nandez*

I AM monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more !
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift wingèd arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place ;
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

Comper.

47 *The Banished Duke living in the Forest
speaks to his Retainers*

From *As You Like It*, II. i.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ;—as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
' This is no flattery ;—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'—
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

AMIENS. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. . . .

Shakespeare.

48* *The Ancient Mariner*

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
—' By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

a precious jewel] refers to an old popular belief.

‘ The Bridegroom’s doors are open’d wide,
 And I am next of kin ;
 The guests are met, the feast is set :
 May’st hear the merry din.’

He holds him with his skinny hand,
 ‘ There was a ship,’ quoth he.
 —‘ Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard loon ! ’
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye :—
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years’ child :
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :—

‘ The ship was cheer’d, the harbour clear’d ;
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the light-house top.

‘ The Sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he !
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

‘ Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon ’—
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

eftsoons] at once.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she ;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :—

‘ And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong :
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

‘ With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, ‘loud roar’d the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

‘ And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold :
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

‘ And through the drifts the snowy clifts
 Did send a dismal sheen :
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

‘ The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around :
 It crack’d and growl’d, and roar’d and howl’d,
 Like noises in a swound !

‘ At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail’d it in God’s name.

‘ It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steer’d us through !

‘ And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

‘ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch’d for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer’d the white moon-shine.’

‘ God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look’st thou so ? ’—‘ With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

‘ The Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist,—and on the left
Went down into the sea.

‘ And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

Albatross] great sea-bird.

the food it ne’er had eat] biscuit-worms.

shroud] rigging.

‘ And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work ’em woe :
 For all averr’d, I had kill’d the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow !

‘ Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist :
 Then all averr’d, I had kill’d the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 ’Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

‘ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow stream’d off free ;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

‘ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 ’Twas sad as sad could be ;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea !

‘ All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand.
 No bigger than the Moon.

‘ Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

‘ Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink ;
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

‘ The very deep did rot : O Christ !
 That ever this should be !
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

‘ About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires danced at night ;
 The water, like a witch’s oils,
 Burnt green and blue and white.

‘ And some in dreams assurèd were
 Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
 Nine fathom deep he had follow’d us
 From the Land of Mist and Snow.

‘ And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was wither’d at the root ;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

‘ Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young !
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III

‘ There pass’d a weary time. Each throat
 Was parch’d, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time ! a weary time !
 How glazed each weary eye !
 When looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

‘ At first it seem’d a little speck,
 And then it seem’d a mist ;
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

wist | perceived.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
 And still it near'd and near'd :
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

' With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could not laugh nor wail ;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

' With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call :
 Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

' See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
 Hither to work us weal ;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel !

' The western wave was all a-flame,
 The day was wellnigh done !
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun ;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

' And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
 With broad and burning face.

' Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears !
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres ?

‘ Are those her ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate ?
 And is that Woman all her crew ?
 Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
 Is Death that Woman’s mate ?

‘ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold :
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man’s blood with cold.

‘ The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice ;
 “ The game is done ! I ’ve won ! I ’ve won ! ”
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

‘ The Sun’s rim dips ; the stars rush out :
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

‘ We listen’d and look’d sideways up !
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seem’d to sip !
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman’s face by his lamp gleam’d white ;
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

‘ One after one, by the star-dogg’d Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turn’d his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

dogg’d] followed closely by.

‘ Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropt down one by one.

‘ The souls did from their bodies fly,—
 They fled to bliss or woe !
 And every soul, it pass’d me by
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow.’

PART IV

‘ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
 I fear thy skinny hand !
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribb’d sea-sand.

‘ I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
 And thy skinny hand so brown.’
 —‘ Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
 This body dropt not down.

‘ Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide, wide sea !
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

‘ The many men, so beautiful !
 And they all dead did lie :
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived on ; and so did I.

‘ I look’d upon the rotting sea,
 And drew my eyes away ;
 I look’d upon the rotting deck,
 And there the dead men lay.

‘ I look’d to heaven, and tried to pray ;
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

‘ I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

‘ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they :
 The look with which they look’d on me
 Had never pass’d away.

‘ An orphan’s curse would drag to Hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man’s eye !
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

‘ The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide :
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—

‘ Her beams bemock’d the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,
 The charmèd water burnt alway
 A still and awful red.

‘ Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watch’d the water-snakes :
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they rear’d, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

‘ Within the shadow of the ship
 I watch’d their rich attire :
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coil’d and swam ; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

‘ O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare :
 A spring of love gush’d from my heart,
 And I bless’d them unaware :
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I bless’d them unaware.

‘ The selfsame moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

PART V

‘ O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole !
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
 That slid into my soul.

‘ The silly buckets on the deck
 That had so long remain’d,
 I dreamt that they were fill’d with dew ;
 And when I awoke, it rain’d.

‘ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank ;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

‘ I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessèd ghost.

‘ And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear ;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

‘ The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro, they were hurried about ;
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

‘ And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain pour’d down from one black cloud ;
 The Moon was at its edge.

‘ The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

‘ The loud wind never reach’d the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

‘ They groan’d, they stirr’d, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, e’en in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

‘The helmsman steer’d ; the ship moved on ;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
 The mariners all gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

‘The body of my brother’s son
 Stood by me, knee to knee :
 The body and I pull’d at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.’

—‘I fear thee, ancient Mariner !’
 —‘Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
 ’Twas not those souls that fled in pain
 Which to their corses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

‘For when it dawn’d they dropp’d their arms,
 And cluster’d round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies pass’d.

‘Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun ;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mix’d, now one by one.

‘Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seem’d to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

‘ And now ’twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel’s song,
 That makes the heavens be mute.

‘ It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

‘ Till noon we quietly sail’d on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

‘ Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The Spirit slid ; and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

‘ The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fix’d her to the ocean :
 But in a minute she gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length,
 With a short uneasy motion.

‘ Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound :
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

‘ How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare ;
 But ere my living life return’d,
 I heard, and in my soul discern’d
 Two voices in the air.

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ is this the man ?
 By Him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

“ The Spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.”

‘ The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew :
 Quoth he, “ The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.”

PART VI

First Voice

“ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
 What is the Ocean doing ? ”

Second Voice

“ Still as a slave before his lord,
 The Ocean hath no blast ;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast—

penance] punishment to do away sin.

“ If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.”

First Voice

“ But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ? ”

Second Voice

“ The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.
 Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner’s trance is abated.”

‘ I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather :
 ’Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together.

‘ All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fix’d on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

‘ The pang, the curse with which they died,
 Had never pass’d away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

‘ And now this spell was snapt once more :
 I view’d the ocean green,
 And look’d far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

‘ Like one that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turn’d round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread.

‘ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made :
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade.

‘ It raised my hair, it fann’d my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

‘ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sail’d softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

‘ Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
 The light-house top I see ?
 Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
 Is this mine own countree ?

‘ We drifted o’er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 O let me be awake, my God !
 Or let me sleep alway.

‘ The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn !
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the Moon.

‘ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steep’d in silentness
The steady weathercock.

‘ And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

‘ A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turn’d my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there !

‘ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

‘ This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light :

‘ This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

‘ But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot’s cheer ;
My head was turn’d perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

‘ The Pilot and the Pilot’s boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

‘ I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He ’ll shrieve my soul, he ’ll wash away
The Albatross’s blood.

PART VII

‘ This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

‘ He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

‘ The skiff-boat near’d : I heard them talk,
“ Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ”

“ “ Strange, by my faith,” the Hermit said—
“ And they answer’d not our cheer !
The planks look warp’d ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

blast] destroy.

shrieve] cleanse from sin.

trow] think truly * .

“ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along ;
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young.”

“ —“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look ”
 (The Pilot made reply)
 “ I am a-fear'd.” —“ Push on, push on ! ”
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

‘ The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirr'd ;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard :—

‘ Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread :
 It reach'd the ship, it split the bay ;
 The ship went down like lead.

‘ Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound, '
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
 My body lay afloat ;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

‘ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round ;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

‘ I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd
 And fell down in a fit :
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And pray'd where he did sit.

‘ I took the oars : the Pilot’s boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laugh’d loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.

“ Ha ! ha ! ” quoth he, “ full plain I see
 The Devil knows how to row.”

‘ And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land !
 The Hermit stepp’d forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

“ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! ”
 The Hermit cross’d his brow,
 “ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say—
 What manner of man art thou ? ”

‘ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench’d
 With a woful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale ;
 And then it left me free.

‘ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns :
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.

‘ I pass, like night, from land to land ;
 I have strange power of speech ;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me :
 To him my tale I teach.

‘ —What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding guests are there :
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bridesmaids singing are :
 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

' O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea :
 So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
 Scarce seemèd there to be.

' O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company !—

' To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay !

' —Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

' He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.'

—The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
 And is of sense forlorn :
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

Coleridge.

49

The Snare

I HEAR a sudden cry of pain !
 There is a rabbit in a snare :
 Now I hear the cry again,
 But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
 He is calling out for aid ;
 Crying on the frighten'd air,
 Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
 Wrinkling up his little face,
 As he cries again for aid ;
 And I cannot find the place !

And I cannot find the place
 Where his paw is in the snare :
 Little one ! Oh, little one !
 I am searching everywhere !

James Stephens.

50 *The Reverie of Poor Susan*

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
 years :

Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Lothbury] *oth* pronounced as in *both*.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes !

Wordsworth, 1797.

51

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough ;
 The frozen wind crept on above,
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
 No flower upon the ground,
 And little motion in the air
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Shelley.

52*

The Recollection

I

WE wander'd to the Pine Forest
 That skirts the Ocean's foam,
 The lightest wind was in its nest,
 The tempest in its home.
 The whispering waves were half asleep,
 The clouds were gone to play,
 And on the bosom of the deep
 The smile of Heaven lay ;

It seem'd as if the hour were one
 Sent from beyond the skies,
 Which scatter'd from above the sun
 A light of Paradise.

II

We paused amid the pines that stood
 The giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
 As serpents interlaced,
 And soothed by every azure breath
 That under Heaven is blown,
 To harmonies and hues beneath,
 As tender as its own ;
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
 Like green waves on the sea,
 As still as in the silent deep
 The ocean woods may be.

III

How calm it was !—the silence there
 By such a chain was bound
 That even the busy woodpecker
 Made stiller by her sound
 The inviolable quietness ;
 The breath of peace we drew
 With its soft motion made not less
 The calm that round us grew.
 There seem'd from the remotest seat
 Of the white mountain waste,
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,
 A magic circle traced,—
 A spirit interfused around,
 A thrilling, silent life,—
 To momentary peace it bound
 Our mortal nature's strife ;

And still I felt the centre of
 'The magic circle there
 Was one fair form that fill'd with love
 The lifeless atmosphere.

IV

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough,—
 Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
 Gulf'd in a world below ;
 A firmament of purple light
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night,
 And purer than the day—
 In which the lovely forests grew,
 As in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there.
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
 And through the dark green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud.
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen,
 Were imaged by the water's love
 Of that fair forest green.
 And all was interfused beneath
 With an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath,
 A softer day below.
 Like one beloved the scene had lent
 To the dark water's breast
 Its every leaf and lineament
 With more than truth express'd ;

Elysian] Elysium in Greek mythology was the abode of the blessed
 after death. lineament] outline.

Until an envious wind crept by,
 Like an unwelcome thought,
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye
 Blots one dear image out.
 Though thou art ever fair and kind,
 The forests ever green,
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
 Than calm in waters, seen.

Shelley.

53 *Kubla Khan ; or, A Vision in a Dream*

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :

sinuous] winding.

Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

intermitted] interrupted. measure] rhythm as of music.
dulcimer] a percussion instrument, whether of stretched strings or
of bars, symphony] accompaniment.

Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Coleridge, 1797.

54

SWEET thy faint strings, Musician,
 With thy long lean hand ;
 Downward the starry tapers burn,
 Sinks soft the waning sand ;
 The old hound whimpers couch'd in sleep,
 The embers smoulder low ;
 Across the wall the shadows
 Come, and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, Musician,
 The minutes mount to hours ;
 Frost on the windless casement weaves
 A labyrinth of flowers ;
 Ghosts linger in the darkening air,
 Hearken at the open door ;
 Music hath call'd them, dreaming,
 Home once more.

Walter de la Mare.

55 *The Ballad of True Thomas*

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank ;
 A ferlie he spied wi' his ee ;
 And there he saw a lady bright
 Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

ferlie] marvel. Eildon Tree] under which Thomas the Rhymer
 delivered his prophecies,

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
 Her mantle o' the velvet fine ;
 At ilka tett of her horse's mane
 Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap
 And louted low down to his knee :
 ' All hail, thou mighty Queen of heaven !
 For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

' O no, O no, Thomas (she said),
 That name does not belang to me ;
 I 'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
 That am hither come to visit thee.

' Harp and carp, Thomas (she said) ;
 Harp and carp along wi' me ;
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
 Sure of your bodie I will be.'—

' Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 That weird shall never daunten me.
 Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
 All underneath the Eildon Tree.

' Now ye maun go wi' me (she said),
 True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
 And ye maun serve me seven years,
 Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
 She 's ta'en true Thomas up behind :
 And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

ilka tett] every tassell.
 weird] fate.

harp and carp] play and recite.
 syne] then.

O they rade on, and farther on,
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind :
 Until they reach'd a desert wide,
 And living land was left behind.

' Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
 And lean your head upon my knee :
 Abide and rest a little space,
 And I will show you ferlies three.

' O see ye not yon narrow road,
 So thick beset wi' thorns and briers ?
 That is the Path of Righteousness,
 Tho' after it but few enquires.

' And see ye not that braid braid road,
 That lies across yon lily leven ?
 That is the Path of Wickedness,
 Tho' some call it the Road to Heaven.

' And see ye not that bonny road
 That winds about the fernie brae ?
 That is the Road to fair Elfland,
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

' But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
 Whatever ye may hear or see :
 For if ye speak word in Elflyn-land,
 Ye 'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie.

O they rade on, and farther on,
 And they waded thro' rivers abune the knee :
 And they saw neither sun nor mune,
 But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, there was nae sternlight,
 They waded thro' red blude to the knee :
 For a' the blude that 's shed on earth
 Rins thro' the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree :
 ' Take this for thy wages, true Thomas ;
 It will give the tongue that can never lee.'—

' My tongue is mine ain (true Thomas said) :
 A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !
 I neither dought to buy nor sell
 At fair or tryst where I may be.

' I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye ! '—
 ' Now hold thy peace, Thomas (she said),
 For as I say, so must it be.'

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth
 And a pair o' shoon o' the velvet green :
 And till seven years were gane and past,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

56* *The Wife of Usher's Well*

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
 And a wealthy wife was she ;
 She had three stout and stalwart sons,
 And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely ane,
 When word came to the carline wife
 That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely three,
 When word came to the carline wife
 That her sons she 'd never see.

' I wish the wind may never cease,
 Nor fashes in the flood,
 Till my three sons come hame to me
 In earthly flesh and blood ! '

It fell about the Martinmas,
 When nights are lang and mirk,
 The carline wife's three sons came hame,
 And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
 Nor yet in ony sheugh ;
 But at the gates o' Paradise
 That birk grew fair eneugh.

' Blow up the fire, my maidens !
 Bring water from the well !
 For a' my house shall feast this night,
 Since my three sons are well.'

And she has made to them a bed,
 She 's made it large and wide ;
 And she 's ta'en her mantle her about,
 Sat down at the bedside.

carline] stout old woman.
 birk] birch.

fashes] troubles.
 syke] ditch.

Martinmas]*.
 sheugh] trench

Up then crew the red, red cock,
 And up and crew the gray ;
 The eldest to the youngest said,
 ‘ ’Tis time we were away.’

The cock he hadna craw’d but once,
 And clapp’d his wings at a’,
 When the youngest to the eldest said,
 ‘ Brother, we must awa’.

‘ The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
 The channerin’ worm doth chide ;
 Gin we be miss’d out of our place,
 A sair pain we maun bide.’

‘ Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
 Lie still but if we may ;
 Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
 She ’ll go mad ere it be day.’

‘ Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
 Fareweel to barn and byre !
 And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
 That kindles my mother’s fire !’

57 *Helen of Kirconnell*

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries :
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me !

channerin] fretting.
 burd] maiden, lady.

gin] if.

byre] cowhouse.

O think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my Love dropt and spak nae mair ?
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the waterside
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair beyond compare !
 I 'll make a garland of thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair
 Until the day I dee.

O that I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, ' Haste and come to me.'

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
 If I were with thee I were blest,
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding sheet drawn owre my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries :
 And I am weary of the skies
 For her sake that died for me.

meikle] much, also mickle, muckle.

The Sands of Dee

I

‘ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the Sands of Dee.’

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

II

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o’er and o’er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land ;
 And never home came she.

III

‘ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden’s hair
 Above the nets at sea ? ’

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.

IV

They row’d her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :

’ But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the Sands of Dee.

Kingsley.

59

Auld Robin Gray

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
 And a' the warld to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
 But saving a croun he had naething else beside :
 To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea ;
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown
 awa' ;
 My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee
 Said, ' Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me ! '

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack ;
 His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
 Or why do I live to cry, Wae 's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break :
 They gie'd him my hand, but my heart was at the sea :
 Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

fauld] fold.
 gaed] went.
 dee] die.

kye] cattle.
 a week but . . .] a fortnight.
 urgit] pressed.

fa'] fall.
 stown] stolen.
 gudeman] husband.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he—
 Till he said, ' I 'm come hame to marry thee.'

—O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
 We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away :
 I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee ;
 'And why was I born to say, Wae 's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I 'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady Lindsay.

60

O, my love 's like a red, red rose,
 That 's newly sprung in June :
 O, my love 's like the melody
 That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I :
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun !
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only love,
 And fare thee well a-while !
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile !

*Burns.**

wraith] ghost.
 muckle] much.

sair] sorely.
 daurna] dare' not.

greet] cry.

61

John Anderson

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill tegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We 've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we 'll go ;
 And sleep tegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Burns.

62

The Land o' the Leal

I 'm wearin' awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
 I 'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There 's nae sorrow there, John,
 There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn 's there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John ;
 And O ! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.

brent] smooth, unwrinkled.
 pow] pate.

beld] bald.
 canty] cheerful.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy 's a-coming fast, John,
 The joy that 's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear 's the joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 O, dry your glistening ee, John !
 My saul langs to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John !
 Your day it 's wearin' through, John,
 And I 'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John,
 We 'll meet, and we 'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

Lady Nairne.

The Farewell

It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;
 It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear—
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love and native land, farewell !
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear—
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore ;
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With Adieu for evermore,
 My dear—
 With Adieu for evermore !

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear—
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that 's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear—
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

*Old Song.**

64 *There'll never be Peace*

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey ;
 And as he was singing, the tears fast down came,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

main] the high sea.

lee-lang] live-long.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :
 We darena weel say 't, tho' we ken wha 's to blame—
 There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithful auld dame—
 There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moments my words are the same—
 There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Burns.

65 *Cock up your Beaver*

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
 Came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet
 That wanted the crown ;
 But now he has gotten
 A hat and a feather,—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
 And cock it fu' sprush,
 We 'll over the border
 And gie them a brush :
 There 's somebody there
 We 'll teach better behaviour—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

Burns.

braw] handsome.
 beaver] hat.

greet] weep:
 sprush] spruce.

tint] lost.

66

Wee Willie Gray

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket :
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat :
 Feathers of a flea wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a flea wad feather up his bonnet.

Burns.

67

To a Mouse

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic 's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which mak's thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I 'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't !

sark] shirt.

pattle] plough-spade.

thraive] two dozen sheaves.

bickering brattle] scurrying rush.

daimen-icker] odd ear of corn.

lave] remainder.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter pass'd
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

Burns, 1785.

foggage] aftermath.
 hald] hold, shelter.
 thy lane] alone.

snell] biting.
 thole] bear.
 a-gley] awry.

but] without.
 cranreuch] hoar-frost.

68

HERE 's a health to them that 's away,
 Here 's a health to them that 's away,
 Here 's a health to them that were here short syne,
 But canna be here the day.
 It 's guid to be merry and wise,
 It 's guid to be honest and true ;
 It 's guid to be aff wi' the auld luve
 Before ye be on wi' the new.

*Old Song.**

69*

True Worth

. . . Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 ' What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ? '
 I 'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool.
 You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow :
 The rest is all but leather or prunella. . . .

Pope.

70* *A Man's a Man for a' that*

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !

short syne] a short time ago.

but] nothing but.

prunella] the stuff the parson's gown was made of.

Is there] Is there any one who hangs . . .

For a' that, and a' that,

Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that !

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that :

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that !

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that :

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that ;

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that !

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ;

gowd] gold.

birkie] fellow.

fa' that], take that in hand.

hoddin grey] coarse undyed woollen cloth.

coof] ninny, fool.

aboon] above.

bear the gree] take the prize.

For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that !

Burns.

71

Auld Lang Syne

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 . For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak' a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

gowans] daisies. fiere] fere, mate, comrade.
 guid-willie waught], friendly draught.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I 'll be mine ;
 And we 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

Burns.

72 *The Song of the Western Men* (1688)

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
 A merry heart and true !
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fix'd the where and when ?
 And shall Trelawny die ?
 Here 's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake the captain, brave and bold,—
 A merry wight was he ;
 ' If London 'Tower were Michael's hold,
 We 'll set Trelawny free !

' We 'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay,
 With one and all, and hand in hand,
 And who shall bid us nay ?

' And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant sight to view ;—
 Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all,
 Here 's men as good as you !

‘ Trelawny he ’s in keep in hold,
 Trelawny he may die ;
 But here ’s twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why ! ’

*Hawker.**

73* *The Old Navy*

THE captain stood on the carronade : ‘ First lieutenant,’
 says he,

‘ Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list
 to me ;

I haven’t the gift of the gab, my sons—because I ’m
 bred to the sea ;

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight
 with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I ’ve
 been to sea,

I ’ve fought ’gainst every odds—but I ’ve gain’d
 the victory !

‘ That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don’t
 take she,

’Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture we ;
 I haven’t the gift of the gab, my boys ; so each man
 to his gun ;

If she ’s not mine in half an hour, I ’ll flog each mother’s
 son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I ’ve
 been to sea,

I ’ve fought ’gainst every odds—and I ’ve gain’d
 the victory ! ’

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman
 had enough ;

‘ I little thought,’ said he, ‘ that your men were of such
 stuff ’ ;

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow
made to he ;

' I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I
wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I 've
been to sea,

I 've fought 'gainst every odds—and I 've gain'd
the victory !'

Our captain sent for all of us : ' My merry men,'
said he,

' I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I
thankful be :

You 've done your duty handsomely, each man stood
to his gun ;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I 'd have
flogg'd each mother's son,

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as
I 'm at sea,

I 'll fight 'gainst every odds--and I 'll gain the
victory !'

Marryat.

74 *English Irregular : '99-'02*

CHANT PAGAN

ME that 'ave been what I 've been,

Me that 'ave gone where I 've gone,

Me that 'ave seen what I 've seen—

'Ow can I ever take on

With awful old England again,

An' 'ouses both sides of the street,

And 'edges two sides of the lane,

And the parson an' ' gentry ' between,

An' touchin' my 'at when we meet—

Me that 'ave been what I 've been ?

Me that 'ave watch'd 'arf a world
 'Eave up all shiny with dew,
 Kopje on kop to the sun,
 An' as soon as the mist let 'em through
 Our 'elios winkin' like fun—
 Three sides of a ninety-mile square,
 Over valleys as big as a shire—
Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?
 An' then the blind drum of our fire . . .
 An' I 'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,
Me !

Me that 'ave rode through the dark
 Forty mile often on end,
 Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
 With only the stars for my mark
 An' only the night for my friend,
 An' things runnin' off as you pass,
 An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
 An' the silence, the shine an' the size
 Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies. . . .
 I am takin' some letters almost
 As much as a mile to the post,
 An' ' mind you come back with the change !'
Me !

Me that saw Barberton took
 When we dropp'd through the clouds on their 'ead,
 An' they 'ove the guns over and fled—
 Me that was through Di'mond 'Ill,
 An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast—
 From Dundee to Verceniging all !
 Me that stuck out to the last
 (An' five bloomin' bars on my chest)—
 I am doin' my Sunday-school best,
 By the 'elp of the Squire an' 'is wife
 (Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),

To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,
 An' honestly work for my bread,
 My livin' in that state of life
 To which it shall please God to call
 Me !

Me that 'ave follow'd my trade
 In the place where the Lightnin's are made,
 'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon ;
 Me that lay down an' got up
 Three years an' the sky for my roof—
 That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
 Six thousand raw mile on the hoof,
 With the Yaal and the Orange for cup,
 An' the Brandwater Basin for dish,—
 Oh ! it's 'ard to be'ave as they wish
 (Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),
 I'll 'ave to think over it first—
 Me !

I will arise an' get 'ence ;—
 I will trek South and make sure
 If it's only my fancy or not
 That the sunshine of England is pale,
 And the breezes of England are stale,
 An' there's somethin' gone small with the lot ;
 For *I* know of a sun an' a wind,
 An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,
 An' some graves by a barb-wire fence ;
 An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give
 Me a job were I ever inclined,
 To look in an' offsaddle and live
 Where there's neither a road nor a tree—
 But only my Maker an' me,
 And I think it will kill me or cure,
 So I think I will go there and see.

Rudyard Kipling.

75* *A Publisher to his Client*

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play
 Which is a good one in its way,—
 Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
 And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
 With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
 Afford hysterical relief
 To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
 Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery ;
 Your plot too has such scope for scenery ;
 Your dialogue is apt and smart ;
 The play's concoction full of art ;
 Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
 All stab, and everybody dies.
 In short, your tragedy would be
 The very thing to hear and see ;
 And, for a piece of publication,
 If I decline on this occasion,
 It is not that I am not sensible
 To merits in themselves ostensible,
 But—and I grieve to speak it—plays
 Are drugs—mere drugs, sir—now-a-days.
 I had a heavy loss by ' Manuel,'—
 Too lucky if it prove not annual,—
 And Sotheby, with his ' Orestes,'
 (Which by the by, the author's best is),
 Has lain so very long on hand,
 That I despair of all demand.
 I've advertised—but see my books !
 Or only watch my shopman's looks !—
 Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
 My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There 's Byron too, who once did better,
 Has sent me, folded in a letter,
 A sort of—it 's no more a drama
 Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama :
 So alter'd since last year his pen is,
 I think he 's lost his wits at Venice.
 In short, sir, what with one and t'other,
 I dare not venture on another.
 I write in haste ; excuse each blunder ;
 The coaches thro' the street so thunder !
 My room 's so full—we 've Gifford here
 Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
 Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
 Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you
 Had but the genius to review !—
 A smart critique upon St. Helena,
 Or if you only would but tell in a
 Short compass what—but, to resume . . .
 As I was saying, sir, the room—
 The room 's so full of wits and bards,
 Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards,
 And others, neither bards nor wits :—
 My humble tenement admits
 All persons in the dress of gent.,
 From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
 All clever men, who make their way :
 Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey
 Are all partakers of my pantry.
 They 're at this moment in discussion
 On poor De Staël's late dissolution.
 Her book, they say, was in advance—
 Pray Heaven she tell the truth of France !

Thus run our time and tongues away ;—
 But, to return, sir, to your play :
 Sorry, sir, but I cannot deal,
 Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill.
 My hands so full, my head so busy,
 I 'm almost dead, and always dizzy ;
 And so with endless truth and hurry,
 Dear Doctor I am yours

John Murray.

Byron, 1817.

76* *A Literary Poet to his Patron*

.. Come then, my friend, my genius ! Come along ;
 O master of the poet, and the song !
 And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph and partake the gale ?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
 That urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
 For wit's false mirror held up Nature's light ;
 Show'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT ;

That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim ;
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same ;
 That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below ;
 And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

Pope.

77

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you ;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too ;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise :

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master ;
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim ;
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same ;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you 've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools :

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss ;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them : ' Hold on ! '

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch ;
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you ;
 If all men count with you, but none too much ;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that 's in it,
 And (which is more) you 'll be a Man, my son !
Rudyard Kipling.

78

Drake's Drum

DRAKE he 's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 ' Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder 's runnin' low ;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I 'll quit the port o' Heaven
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drumm'd them
 long ago.'

Drake he 's in his hammock till the great Armada's
 come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade 's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found
 him long ago !

Henry Newbolt.

79

To-day

(1914)

For all we have and are,
 For all our children's fate,
 Stand up and meet the war.
 The Hun is at the gate !
 Our world has pass'd away
 In wantonness o'erthrown.
 There is nothing left to-day
 But steel and fire and stone.
 Though all we knew depart,
 The old Commandments stand :
 ' In courage keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand.'

Once more we hear the word
 That sicken'd earth of old :
 ' No law except the Sword
 Unsheathed and uncontrol'd ' ;
 Once more it knits mankind,
 Once more the nations go
 To meet and break and bind
 A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
 The ages' slow-bought gain,
 They shrivel'd in a night,
 Only ourselves remain

To face the naked days
 In silent fortitude,
 Through perils and dismays
 Renew'd and re-renew'd.
 Though all we made depart,
 The old Commandments stand :
 ' In patience keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand.'

No easy hopes or lies
 Shall bring us to our goal,
 But iron sacrifice
 Of body, will, and soul.
 There **is** but one task for all—
 For each one life to give.
 Who stands if Freedom fall ?
 Who dies if England live ?

Rudyard Kipling.

80

Death the Leveller

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against Fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.
 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow :
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds.
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

Shirley.

81

Ozymandias

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them, and the heart that fed :
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 ' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! '
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Shelley.

82

Alastor

EARTH, ocean, air, belovèd brotherhood !
 If our great Mother has imbued my soul
 With aught of natural piety to feel
 Your love, and recompense the boon with mine ;
 If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,

With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
 And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;
 If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
 And winter robing with pure snow and crowns
 Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs ;
 If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
 Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;
 If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
 I consciously have injured, but still loved
 And cherish'd these my kindred : then forgive
 This boast, belovèd brethren, and withdraw
 No portion of your wonted favour now !

Mother of this unfathomable world !
 Favour my solemn song, for I have loved
 Thee ever, and thee only ; I have watch'd
 Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
 And my heart ever gazes on the depth
 Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
 In charnels and on coffins, where black death
 Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
 Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
 Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost
 Thy messenger, to render up the tale
 Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
 When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,
 Like an inspired and desperate alchymist
 Staking his very life on some dark hope,
 Have I mix'd awful talk and asking looks
 With my most innocent love, until strange tears
 Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
 Such magic as compels the charmèd night
 To render up thy charge ; . . . and, though ne'er yet
 Thou hast unveil'd thy inmost sanctuary,
 Enough from incommunicable dream,
 And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-day thought,

Has shone within me, that serenely now
 And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre
 Suspended in the solitary dome
 Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
 I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
 May modulate with murmurs of the air,
 And motions of the forests and the sea,
 And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
 Of night and day, and the deep heart of man. . . .
Shelley.

83

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.
Keats.

84

The Ocean

From *Childe Harold*, iv. 178.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 THERE is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 THERE is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :

I love not Man the less, but Nature more.
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

lay] lie, a vulgar solecism that invaded our public schools.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou—
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Byron.

85* *The Gleaming Sea*

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep
 The azure sea, I love the land no more ;
 The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
 Tempt my unquiet mind.—But when the roar

Of Ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
 Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
 I turn from the drear aspect to the home
 Of Earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
 When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
 Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
 Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
 Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling
 Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
 Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

Shelley.

86

The Sea

It keeps eternal whisperings around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
 When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.
 Oh ye ! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tired,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea ;
 Oh ye ! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody—
 Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth, and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired !

Keats.

87

Prince Athanese

'Twas at the season when the Earth upsprings
 From slumber ; as a spherèd angel's child,
 Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,
 Stands up before its mother bright and mild,

Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems—
So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,
The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove
Wax'd green, and flowers burst forth like starry beams ;

The grass in the warm sun did start and move,
And sea-buds burst under the waves serene.

How many a one, though none be near to love,

Loves then the shade of his own soul, half seen
In any mirror—or the spring's young minions,
The wingèd leaves amid the copses green :

How many a spirit then puts on the pinions
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,
And his own steps, and over wide dominions

Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,
More fleet than storms. The wide world shrinks below,
When winter and despondency are past. . . .

Shelley.

88

To Meadows

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You 've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.

round] circular dance.

But now we see none here
 Whose silvery feet did tread
 And with dishevell'd hair
 Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock and needy grown,
 You 're left here to lament
 Your poor estates, alone.

Herrick.

89*

Hyperion

I

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair ;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
 By reason of his fallen divinity,
 Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptred ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
 While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place ;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a Goddess of the infant world ;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height : she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;
 Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh ! how unlike marble was that face :
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun ;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its storèd thunder labouring up.
 One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain :
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 In solemn tenour and deep organ tone :
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these-like accents ; O how frail
 To that large utterance of the early Gods ! . . .

II

As when, upon a trancèd summer-night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,

Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave ;
 So came these words and went ; the while in tears
 She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
 One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
 Her silver seasons four upon the night,
 And still these two were postured motionless,
 Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern ;
 The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet :
 Until at length old Saturn lifted up
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
 And that fair kneeling Goddess. . . .

Keats.

90

The Willow

Leans now the fair willow, dreaming
 Amid her locks of green.
 In the driving snow she was parch'd and cold,
 And in midnight hath been
 Swept by blasts of the void night,
 Lash'd by the rains.
 Now of that wintry dark and bleak
 No memory remains.

In mute desire she sways softly ;
 Thrilling sap up-flows ;
 She praises God in her beauty and grace,
 Whispers delight. And there flows

A delicate wind from the Southern seas,
 Kissing her leaves. She sighs.
 While the birds in her tresses make merry ;
 Burns the Sun in the skies.

Walter de la Mare.

91

Song

The feathers of the willow
 Are half of them grown yellow
 Above the swelling stream ;
 And ragged are the bushes,
 And rusty now the rushes,
 And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
 His stalk begins to moulder,
 His head is white as snow ;
 The branches all are barer,
 The linnet's song is rarer,
 The robin pipeth now.

Dixon

92

I

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
 Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :
 To himself he talks ;
 For at eventide, listening earnestly,
 At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
 In the walks ;
 Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
 Of the mouldering flowers :
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
 As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death ;
 My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
 At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
 And the year's last rose.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Tennyson.

93

Ode to Autumn

I

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

III

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Keats.

94

Hymn to Diana

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close :
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night—
 Goddess excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.

95

The Waning Moon

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,
 Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
 The moon arose up in the murky East,
 A white and shapeless mass—

Shelley.

96*

. . . How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
 There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. . . .

Shakespeare.

patines] paten (pronounced patten), the Eucharistic dish, hence any small flat circular plate of gold.

97 *Westminster Bridge*

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Wordsworth, 1802.

98

As through the wild green hills of Wyre
 The train ran, changing sky and shire,
 And far behind, a fading crest,
 Low in the forsaken west
 Sank the high-rear'd head of Clee,
 My hand lay empty on my knee.
 Aching on my knee it lay :
 That morning half a shire away
 So many an honest fellow's fist
 Had well-nigh wrung it from the wrist.
 Hand, said I, since now we part
 From fields and men we know by heart,
 For strangers' faces, strangers' lands,—
 Hand, you have held true fellows' hands.

Be clean then ; rot before you do
 A thing they 'd not believe of you.
 You and I must keep from shame
 In London streets the Shropshire name ;
 On banks of Thames they must not say
 Severn breeds worse men than they ;
 And friends abroad must bear in mind
 Friends at home they leave behind.
 Oh, I shall be stiff and cold
 When I forget you, hearts of gold ;
 The land where I shall mind you not
 Is the land where all 's forgot.
 And if my foot returns no more
 To Teme nor Corve nor Severn shore,
 Luck, my lads, be with you still
 By falling stream and standing hill,
 By chiming tower and whispering tree
 Men that made a man of me.
 About your work in town and farm
 Still you 'll keep my head from harm,
 Still you 'll help me, hands that gave
 A grasp to friend me to the grave.

A. E. Housman.

Song in Absence

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er
 Across this watery waste we fare,
 Your image at our hearts we bear,
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
 Past where the waves' last confines be,
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me !

Dear home in England, safe and fast
 If but in thee my lot lie cast,
 The past shall seem a nothing past
 To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
 Dear home in England, won at last.

Clough, 1852.

100 *Home-Thoughts from Abroad*

OH, to be in England
 Now that April 's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That 's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

Browning.

101 *The Soldier's Dream*

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
 'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

' Stay, stay with us !—rest ! thou art weary and worn ' ;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear—melted away.
Campbell.

102

Vailima

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are
 flying,
 Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
 Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are
 crying,
 My heart remembers how !

Blows] inversion of grammar = the wind blows.
 whaups] curlews.

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
 Standing-stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
 Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanish'd
 races,
 And winds, austere and pure :

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
 Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;
 Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees
 crying,
 And hear no more at all.

Stevenson.

103 *Gaunt's Dying Speech*

From Richard II. II. i.

GAUNT. Will the king come, that I may breathe my
 last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth ?

YORK. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
 breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT. Oh, but they say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past :

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

YORK. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering
 sounds, . . .

Direct not him whose way himself will choose :
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
 And thus expiring do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

pelting] paltry, petty.

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death ! . . .
Shakespeare.

104

London, 1802

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Wordsworth.

105

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 ‘ This is my own, my native land ! ’
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn’d,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band
 That knits me to thy rugged strand ! . . .
Scott.*

106* *Epitaph on a Jacobite*

To my true king I offer'd free from stain
 Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languish'd in a foreign clime,
 Grey-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I ask'd, an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,

By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Macaulay.

107 *Bolingbroke (afterwards Henry IV.), having heard from the King his sentence of banishment for six years, stands silent. His father, John of Gaunt, would comfort him.*

From Richard II. 1. iii.

. . . GAUNT. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard
 thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

BOLING. I have too few to take my leave of you.

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOLING. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

GAUNT. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

BOLING. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

GAUNT. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

BOLING. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
 Which finds it an inforcèd pilgrimage.

GAUNT. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
 Esteem a foil wherein thou art to set
 The precious jewel of thy home return.

BOLING. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
 Will but remember me what a deal of world
 I wander from the jewels that I love.
 Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
 To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime :
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest :
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

BOLING. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

journeyman] one who has served his *apprenticeship* and may work under a *master* for hire. There is a play here on the word *journey*=travel.

BOLING. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet
 soil, adieu ;
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.
Shakespeare.

108

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour ; no, even as the trees

That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They alway must be with us, or we die. . . .

*Keats.**

109 *Spirit's Song in 'Prometheus'*

ON a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept ;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the aëral kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see, what things they be ;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality !
 One of these awaken'd me,
 And I sped to succour thee.

Shelley.

110* *The Immortal Muse*

. . . Thou art light and thou art free,
 And to live rejoiceth thee,
 Where the splendours greatest be. . . .

adept] one completely skilled in all the secrets of his art.

Thou a seraph art to go
 All undaunted to and fro
 Where the fiercest ardours glow. . . .

Thou an angel art, and well
 It sufficeth thee to dwell
 In the smallest creature's cell. . . .

Thou a spirit art most sweet,
 And to make all life complete
 Everywhere thou hast thy seat.

Dixon.

III

The Question

I

I DREAM'D that, as I wander'd by the way,
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,
 Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

II

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets ;
 Faint oxslips ; tender bluebells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets—
 Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
 Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

Arcturi] northern stars.

that tall flower] the 'Crown Imperial'(?).

III

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cowbind and the moonlight-colour'd may,
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew, yet drain'd not by the day ;
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

IV

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank'd with
 white,
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

V

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
 Within my hand—and then, elate and gay,
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
 That I might there present it !—Oh, to whom ?

Shelley.

eglantine] sweet-briar.

cowbind] Bryony.

NOTES

The numeration, in thicker type, refers to the poems and not to pages.

2. *springs . . . that lies.* ‘The northern Early English 3rd person plur. in -s is extremely common in the Folio Shakespeare. In some cases the subject-noun may be considered as singular in *thought*.’—Abbott. *Shakesp. Gram.*

34. *silent moves the feet.* See note on 2. Blake was probably influenced by Shakespeare’s use. Three stanzas omitted at end.

38. From a long ode ‘To the immortal memory and friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary [Lord Falkland, who fell at the Battle of Newbury, 1643] and Sir Henry Morison.’

39. An extract from *Auguries of Innocence*.

40. Stanza III. *the turning sphere.* ‘Sphere’ in the older poets implies the ancient Ptolemaic system of astronomy, in which ten spheres circle round the earth, carrying the Sun, the Moon, the seven planets, and the fixed stars. The sphere was a spinning shell of undefined substance carrying the planet: they made music by their motion. See stanza XIII., and note on 96.—VI. *Lucifer*, the morning star.—VIII. *Pan*, the god of Nature, here for the Lord of all.—X. *Cynthia*, the moon. Her *hollow round*, see note on stanza III.—XXI. *Lars and Lemures* [pronounce *Lemmurs*, Englished from *Larēs and Lemurēs*], the household gods and spirits of the dead.—*Flamens*, Roman priests.—XXII. *twice-butter’d god*, Dagon.—*Ashturoth* (Astarte), Phœnician goddess, later identified with Venus.—*Hammon*, Ammon, an Ethiopian god worshipped widely in N. Africa under the form of a ram.—*Thammuz*, Tammus, an obscure Asiatic deity identified with Adonis, whose myth represented the death of the year in winter.—XXIV. *Osiris*, Egyptian god of Agriculture, probably confused here with the sacred Bull, Apis.—XXV. *Typhon*, a primitive Greek monster-god, father of the Winds.—XXVI. *Fays*, fairies.

41. A selection from sixty similar stanzas in *Christmas Antiphons*.

44. Attempts by Swinburne, Rossetti, Yeats, and other editors to harmonise the fragmentary phrases of this mag-

nificent poem have failed. Its force is not impaired by the irregularities of verbal structure. I give John Sampson's conservative text.

48. Part II. stanza 4. *'Twas right, said they.* The marginal gloss appended by Coleridge to later editions explains that the Mariner's shipmates here make themselves accomplices in his crime: And, in Part III. stanza 11, *I've won* means that 'Life-in-Death winneth the Mariner from Death.' -- Part VII. stanza 3. *Itrow.* This pronunciation rhyming with *now* is an example of an obsolete word wrongly spoken. *Trow* rhymes with *owe*, etc. : thus,

'Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest.'—*King Lear*, i. 4.

52. This section of a poem, which Shelley subsequently altered and divided up, stands (as given here) metrically apart from the rest.

56. *Martinmas.* The feast of St. Martin, the 'Apostle of Gaul,' commemorated as a lesser Saint in the English Church on Nov. 11th, which is now Armistice Day. St. Martin was a soldier, son of a military tribune in the army of the emperor Constantine in the fourth century. From early youth he was a convert to Christianity and became Bishop of Tours, where his memory is perpetuated. He is usually represented in the act of dividing his cloak with his sword in order to bestow half of it on a naked beggar.

60. The last ten lines are from a longer poem by *Lieut. Hinch*. Burns made his song of them. Hinch's spellings, *love* and *well*, do not forbid dialectal pronunciation.

63. Attributed to *Capt. Ogilvie*, and appears in Scott's *Rokeby* quoted in the notes. The text here is Burns's version of it.

68. Part of a Jacobite song adapted by Burns.

69. *fowl*, an unfortunate rhyme because its initial suggests *fowl*. The last couplet has become proverbial, with *and* in place of *or*, as if it meant 'the rest is all rubbish.' Pope meant that the rest was only clothes, in the cobbler his leather apron, in the parson his stuff gown. The juxtaposition of *all* with *but*, when *but* means *nothing but*, is only excused by the

regular accent of the verse, which forbids the usual meaning of the common phrase *all bût*.

70. In 4th stanza *guid fuith* is an exclamation.

72. Founded on a traditional Cornish song.

73. Observe the unmatched accumulative value of the refrain : also that the lingo is the narrator's, not the captain's.

75. Byron sent this to John Murray, the publisher, as a jocular draft of his reply to Dr. Polidori on reading that author's play. That the personages who figure in this society are not all known to us does not weaken the humour of the picture. On p. 92 the two ejaculation-marks in third and fourth lines from foot are added by present editor.

76. Many of Pope's lines have passed into common speech: this extract contains examples.

85. Translated from the Greek of Moschus.

89. *Ixion's wheel*. Ixion was king of the Lapithæ, who fought with the Centaurs. As punishment for his crimes and ingratitude to Zeus he was chained to a fiery wheel which revolved for ever in the lower world.—*Memphian Sphinx*. Sphinx was a monstrous being in Greek mythology, with a woman's head on the body of a winged lion. In Egypt, whence it was derived, it was a couchant (unwinged) lion, human in form from the breast upwards ; and rows of these mysterious figures lined the avenues of the temples. Memphis was one of the earliest historical cities in Egypt and had magnificent temples. The famous colossal Sphinx is by the Pyramids at Gizeh, which is some miles down the Nile from Memphis.

96. Lorenzo is talking with Jessica (*Merch. of Ven.* Act v.) ; an example of the lyrical beauty which Shakespeare introduces into his blank verse.—*Like an angel sings*, see note on 40, stanza III. Plato says, 'On the upper surface of each sphere is a Siren, who goes round with them, hymning a single sound and note.'

105: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Opening of last canto.

106. The comparison is between Tuscany and Yorkshire : *Lavernia* (La Verna, Alvernia), where St. Francis received the stigmata, in the Apennines above Florence, 'Nel crudo sasso intra 'l fereve ed Arno,' Dante, *Par.* xi. t. 36.—*Scargill* is part of the scene of Scott's *Rokeby*.

108. The opening of *Endymion*, published 1818.

110. *The Spirit of the Sphere*, omitting the invocations.

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